

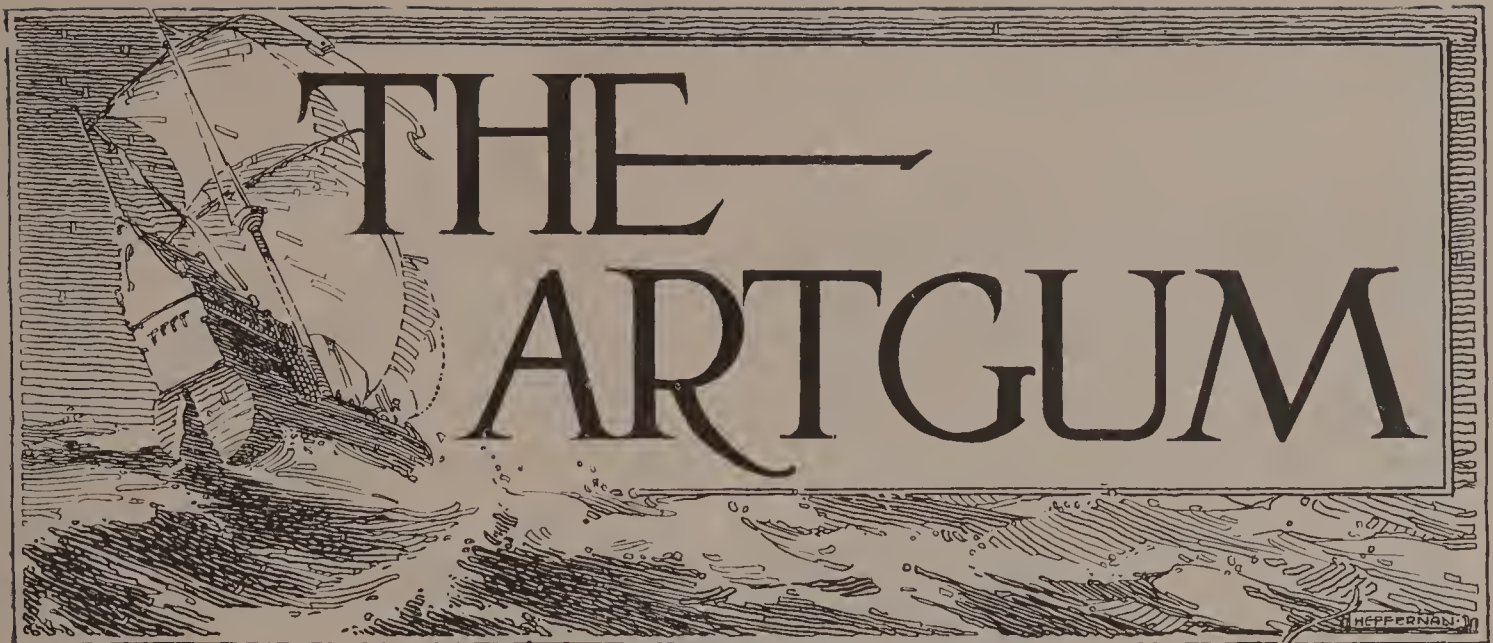
THE ARTGUM



MAIL RETURNING PERSEPHONE.

• APRIL •

MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL



VOL.

BOSTON, MASS. APRIL 1923.

NO4.

INTERIOR DECORATION

DANIEL O. BREWSTER

Our surroundings affect our dispositions and a knowledge of the principles of design and laws of color may be of the greatest importance to the achievement of character and happiness.

A simple cottage may be beautiful, and, on the other hand, the most expensive place may be ugly—in its gaudy colors and over ornamentation. To be beautiful the home must be pleasing and restful in appearance. To accomplish this, attention should be given to the harmonious relationship of details. Beauty is the purgation of superfluities. Simplicity should be the most important factor and we should recognize the prominent part that order, the power to promote comfort, and cleanliness, play in making a home beautiful. In the home of the strenuous American, beauty is especially needed, and all because of the refreshing and soothing effect it produces. It would indeed be a national calamity if we did not have beauty to counteract the effect imposed

upon so many of us by our busy, nerve-racking way of living. The home is the place in which to rest and everything in the home should be conducive to repose.

In order to obtain this repose the question of tone or value is important. The scale of values from black to white divides itself naturally into nine steps, each of which is readily distinguished from the next. Black is represented by the number one; and white in the value of white paper, by the numeral nine. Middle value, or grey would occur at the numeral five. Here is the value that partakes equally of light or dark and causes the least attraction, and is, therefore, the value best adapted for a well lighted room.

Light value tones suggest youth, femininity, gaiety and informality, while dark value tones suggest strength, dignity, repose, seriousness, and masculine qualities.

The general principle to give balance and stability to a room

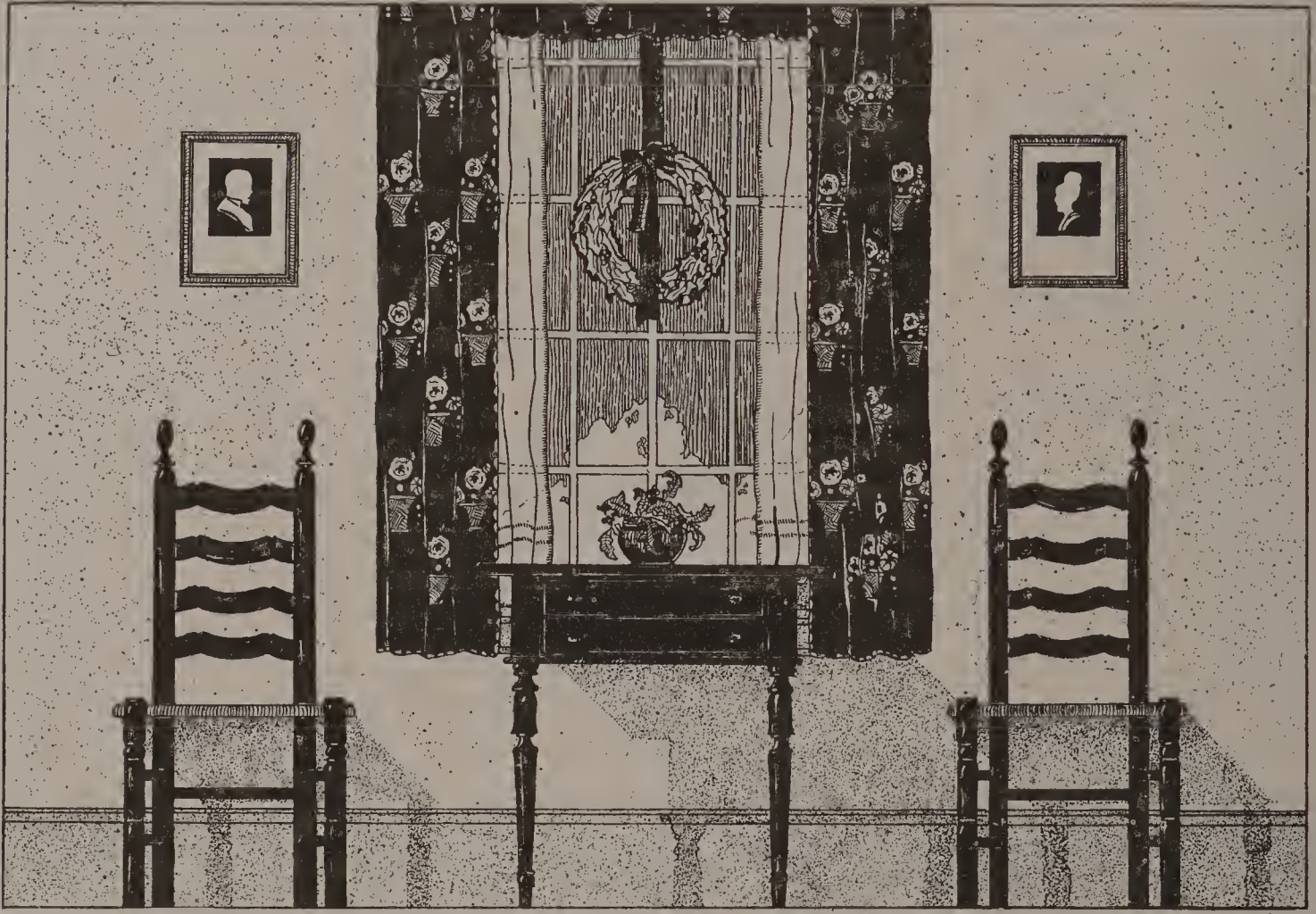
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is to have the floors dark, the woodwork a little lighter, the walls lighter than the woodwork and the ceiling the lightest.

Avoid black and white as this makes the greatest contrast and is, therefore, very unrestful to the eyes. The first requisite of a

are responsible for the restless and ugly interiors of many American homes. The walls serve as backgrounds for pictures, furniture, and people, and therefore should be kept absolutely flat.

The cool rooms in a house are generally on the north and south



Example of Formal Balance
by Helen Donahue
Junior M. N. A. S. '24

room is tone. If you have sharp contrasts of black and white you have lost tone. The general value tone may be high or low value.

The first consideration in furnishing a room should be the proper study of backgrounds. With the average home builder this at once leads to the selection of wall papers.

Peer and unsuitable designs probably more than anything else

side and with those rooms shaded by trees should be papered in warm colors. Rooms on the east and west sides of a house receive sunlight and should have cool colors.

After you have achieved tone, stability and a flat background, the next requisite is balance. There are two kinds of balance—formal and informal. In formal balance objects are equidistant.

and of the same weight. In informal balance the heavy objects are on one end near the fulcrum and balance is obtained by lighter objects at a distance. The proportions of a room may be changed by the proper use of curtains and hangings.

Carpets, for sanitary reasons, have been replaced by rugs. Their proportion and form are very important. Rugs, tables and draperies should follow the architectural construction of the room. Do not drape curtains back. The eye is distracted and drawn to the points formed by draping. On round tables use round doilies and on square tables, square doilies.

The walls should not be covered with a number of small pictures. The result would be tiresome and confusing. If you use small pictures, group them near a desk or other large objects. Small pictures may be mounted on mats to make them more important and to fill a given space.

Strive to have nothing in your home that is not useful, and nothing useful that is not beautiful.

* * *

Mr. Ray: Have you seen Mr. Wallace?

Mr. Major: Wallace? I just saw him go into a cheap restaurant down the street. He's probably dead by now.



How many students are coming to the Junior Prom May 18th? Surely the entire school ought to be there, for isn't it the last dance of the year, and will it not be a pleasant thing to remember during the summer? Of course we have saved that date Juniors! The committee in charge of the Prom is:—

Tickets:—Dick Ellinger

Music:—Loyal Faunce

Publicity:—Arthur Liddell

Refreshments:—Celia Hawley

Decorations:—Marcia Hosford

We hear that Sid Reinertz will furnish the jazz, and also, that the tickets are a dollar and a half, which includes punch, plenty of it, and later on ice cream and cake.

* * *

“Be noble: and the nobleness
that lies in other men,
Sleeping but never dead, will rise
in majesty to meet thine
own.”

Never Too Old !

Mrs. F. A. Barnett, English woman, seventy-one years old, decided to try oil painting, and after five lessons her first picture was accepted by the Royal Academy.

BILLBOARD FEVER

By Isabelle L. Tice

Did you ever have billboard fever? Do billboards ever make you nervous? No? Don't you remember the time you were sitting in a street-car, dreaming? The billboards slipped by the window, but you did not care for them. You had a grudge against billboards; they annoyed you. Finally one of these offensive objects for some reason caught your eye more than its neighbors. You seemed to remember seeing it before, and would not turn to look.

Then, when the picture was left behind, you turned frantically. Your face came in close contact with the spread newspaper of the correct elderly gentleman back of you. Horrors, the billboard had gone! Craning your neck was of no avail. Then it became most necessary to know what it was all about. You were impatient with the conductor for being so unfeeling. You forced your tired brain to review every billboard on the way, from the first out of the subway to the last at the end of the line. Your knowing mind insisted upon skipping the important one each time. You writhed in senseless irritation. That a poor innocent man should be so helpless in this land of blatant liberty! Outrageous! Your paper offered you no oil for troubled brain. Its advertisements reminded you just enough of that disgusting billboard to make you realize that you would have to wait fif-

teen whole hours before you could view again its ill-drawn picture and its screaming print.

At the dinner table, you tried to respond to your wife's light conversation, but your worried mind caused her to ask tenderly, "Did you have a hard day, dear?"

Your face reddened profusely as you tried to hide your irritation, lest, should she divine the truth, she would give you one of those impossible looks that meant, "My dear man, are you in your right mind?"

Even your sleep was troubled by that staring billboard. You awoke suddenly in the dead of night, with its identity at your fingers' ends, so to speak; then, alas, it was gone! You wasted fifteen minutes of your precious rest pondering upon how you were going to pass the time until 8.30 the next morning.

Then, when finally that time arrived, and, having carefully observed each advertisement in turn, you came to it, you exclaimed, "Ugh, the vulgar thing! How could I forget it?"

Perhaps they bother you in another way, for the fever has many symptoms. Perhaps you were interested in a particularly long freight train, or a puff of smoke, or a bit of sky. Perhaps you were all agog to know what became of the fat Irishwoman up the side street, who stepped not quite far enough for the puddle. At any rate, there you were,

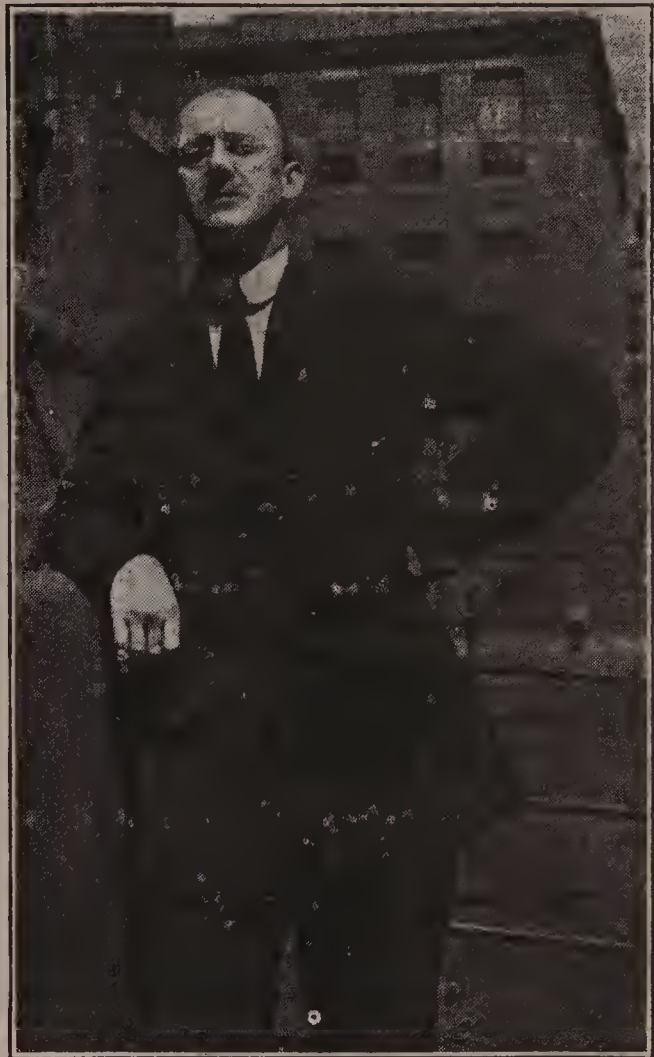
every nerve in your body tense, eyes for but one object; when coolly there intervened a "Say It with Flowers," an "Ask Dad, He Knows," or an "Eventually, Why Not Now?"; and you so helpless to remonstrate!

* * *

We must admit one thing, however. The girls in these much-abused signs are all attractive, their hair, oh, faultlessly waved! The babies are rosy and charming, even in tears, and their cheeks fairly shine with the respective brands of soap. Dirt behind the little boys' ears? Perish the thought! Each object pictured is at its best, from Brunswick Phonographs to Sloan's Liniment.

* * *

I cannot let the subject go without saying one more good word for our common friend. Always is he with us. Are you homesick? Go up to the nearest familiar billboard, mentally shake its hand, if such a thing is possible, and say, "Hi, there, old top, I saw you three hundred miles away. Wait for me in China!" Never are we deserted, though we be in country wilds. In the stretch between New York and Philadelphia, Carters' Little Liver Pills, Bull Durham Tobacco, and Horlick's Malted Milk are my old friends; as for Boston and vicinity, we all can wave a friendly greeting to the winsome maids of Lux, and the ebony twins of Gold-Dust fame!



23rd Psalm

in Mechanical Drawing

Mr. Ray is my teacher. I shall not pass. He maketh me to explain bad propositions and exposeth my ignorance to the class. He restoreth my sorrow. He causeth me to draw hard intersecting shadows for my class' sake. Yea, tho' I study till midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for shadows do sorely bother me. He prepar-eth a test before me in the presence of mine classmates. He giveth me a low mark. Surely, distress and sadness shall follow me all the days of this course and I shall remain in my mechanical drawing class forever. Amen.

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Editorial



Self-Pity or Psychological Phthisis.

The physical body has many diseases which if taken in time are curable; but if allowed to persist unchecked will sooner or later cause bodily decay and death.

The mind of man has its diseases corresponding in great measure to the ills of the physical body, and these mental ills may be cured if taken in time and they will, if allowed to continue unopposed, cause mental decay and death.

One of the most subtle and dangerous of all bodily ills is Phthisis or Consumption, and equally subtle and dangerous is its mental counterpart Self-Pity.

All that Consumption will do to the physical man Self-Pity will do to the mental man, and even

more for Self-Pity will, after having destroyed the mind, destroy even the physical body.

Of all the possible attitudes of mind and soul that man is capable of holding, Self-Pity may be considered the meanest, most wasteful, most useless, and most unnecessary of all.

Self-Pity is no respecter of persons. It flourishes in the mind of the child as well as in the mind of the adult. It affects rich and poor alike. Social rank is no bar to its progress, for both the beggar and the capitalist are alike subjects for its ravages.

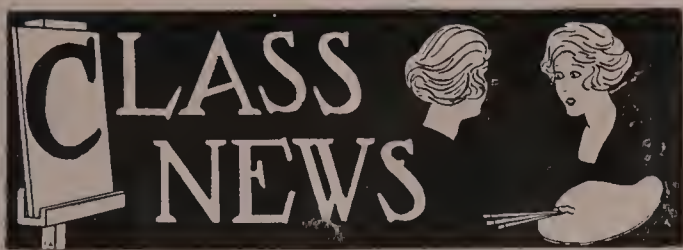
As science seeks the cure or prevention agent for each bodily ill, so science has wrought, and in this case found, the cure and preventative agent for Self-Pity.

This cure or preventative agent is Self-Control.

In a similar manner to that in which consumption is checked, prevented or cured, namely by proper control of the physical body as to food, clothing and living conditions, is Self-Pity, checked, prevented or cured by Self-Control.

Self-Control means proper supervision over our mental activities with careful watch established to see that they do not extend beyond the constructive limit.

An artist in any line is by reason of intensive training particularly subject to mental disturbance and therefore more or less a fitting subject for the disintegrating influences of Self-Pity, hence an artist should especially practice Self-Control.



1923

The Senior Class continues to be conspicuous for lack of news. June is drawing near, theses, regular school work, certificate sheets, outside work, graduation plans, the senior number of the Art Gum and the call of the outdoors all make towards a busy Senior Class.

A large part of the June issue of the Art Gum is to be devoted to the Senior Class.

What little news there is seems to confine itself to the Fine Arts Section. After an absence of several weeks, spent making money by means of radio sets, "Jake" has returned to the fold, penitent as usual.

Ralph Scott was hurt in an automobile accident, not as seriously as it was at first feared. His skull was not fractured. One of the boys returning from a visit to the hospital, shortly after the accident, reported to his classmates and Mr. Wallace that "they ex-rayed his head and they found nothing there."

THE JUNIOR PROM

There are many reasons why we must all come.

The Seniors must come because it is the last school dance for them.

The Sophomores must come because they will be Juniors next year.

The Freshmen must come be-

cause they will never have the opportunity of going to a Junior Prom run by the 1924 class again.

The Juniors—oh, Juniors of course there is absolutely NO EXCUSE.

Everybody welcome! Bring your friends. We absolutely guarantee a good time.

The Senior Class appears to be worried concerning the completion of their theses, but the Juniors also have a great deal of work to do to finish all of their certificate sheets we say.

The latest news in mathematics proves to be another example in subtraction. Irma Selloy has a very beautiful engagement ring.

1925

A number of Sophomores went to see Lightnin' on Thursday evening, the twenty-ninth of March.

Miss Dorothy Howe will please accept our hearty congratulations on her recent success in Antique, both in the execution, as well as the reward.

The Sketch Club is debating on whether they will meet at Arlington or Salem for their first tour of duty. Other towns under consideration are, West Roxbury, Lynn, Peabody, Newburyport and Chicago.

LOST, a wonderful janitor. Max Egdoll has left school to work. Who will open the windows now?

Dame Rumor has it that Spencer is engaged. How about it?

* * *

"It was only a glad 'good morning'

As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the live-long day."

Freshmen

A committee with Fred Russell as chairman has been appointed to make arrangements for having some class pictures made. (Editor's note:—This explains the recent newspaper report stating that insurance rates for photo studios had been raised sky-high).

Oil painting and Mr. Major are the chief items of conversation these days. The Yearlings are beginning to realize that they know nothing about art (which proves that they know something).

We are having fine weather now for outdoor painting. The only trouble is that, with all of our certificate drawing to do, we haven't time for any such thing. by a lone dog that passed that Such is life!

* * *

Girls' Athletics

The club is going fine. Just at present a group of girls are bowling every Monday afternoon. Later in the season there will be a tournament and may be, just may be, you fellows can come and watch it. The winner (of the tournament) will be awarded a silver loving cup.

Bowling is not all they are doing. By no means! Just now they are planning a house party for members only. I should say only those members who have paid their dues and have stuck faithfully by during this hard first year.

Girls, if you are interested in tennis, don't neglect to join before the season opens so you can be in on everything.



A Reception

It is not often that a school has the opportunity to welcome one of its graduates who has become a star on the musical stage, so that one can imagine the ovation Miss Dorothy Francis, M.N. A.S., 1915, received on her arrival at the school Thursday afternoon, April 12th. Miss Francis was at the time playing the leading role at the Colonial Theatre in the "Merry Widow," and through the efforts of Mr. Brewster and the Student Association a reception and tea was arranged in her honor. The room was decorated with flowers and lighted candles and tea was served to all who attended. A group of ushers, in charge of Lee Court, introduced each student to Miss Francis and to other members of the receiving line in the person of Mr. Farnum, a few of the faculty and the president of each class.

* * *

Joyce: You are attending the South Boston night school?

Rejoice: Yes, down there for life.

The Rays seem to be blamed for everything. First, for giving such problems in Mechanical Drawing, and now, for casting irregular shadows in Perspective Theory.

SIMPLICITY IN ART.

ERNEST L. MAJOR

To the average Art student the making of a sketch out of doors means but little; perhaps only an agreeable change from the hot and vitiated atmosphere of the schoolroom to the more congenial surroundings of skies, fields, and woods; but to one who has had experience it means much more. The reasons that could be given are innumerable. First that might be given is the attempt on the part of the student to use the principles that he or she has been taught in the schools. This attempt on the part of the student cannot be too highly praised, even if the results are far from good.

In recording some simple phases of the nature the student is made to observe the wonderful color combinations, the exquisite values and harmonies which compose all scenes. This observation will later leave its impress on the work done in the studio and raise it above the usual academic work seen in most schools. The writer's experience has been that such study from nature opens a larger vista to the student, and especially in composition done in the schoolroom can its influence be felt. Such work takes on a greater variety, especially as regards color, values, and all the other qualities that contribute to raise any work above the commonplace. In fact, too much stress cannot be laid on this branch of study, which develops

so wonderfully the student's power of observation.

Personally I should advise the student to use some medium with which the large masses can be quickly rendered. Don't choose complicated scenes. Some simple view is best, composed of large masses, and then quickly record the essential color values. Most beginners walk miles to find a motif. (Well, that method has also its merits, as walking is excellent exercise). Later in life the student will find that a less complicated scene is more adaptable for a pictorial rendering.

Study of the best masters of landscape, including the Japanese, will show how simple are the motifs that are the basis of all landscapes. The trunk of a tree with some of its lower branches relieved against a field, will make a picture for Claude Monet. A simple willow against a lovely sky is enough for a masterpiece by Corot. A low-toned sunset sky, with the barest suggestion of a tree and a little ground, has been enough for both Rousseau and Dupre.

All this teaches us that we should ignore the complicated and that out of the simpler can only the really beautiful be evolved. Taste in regard to the choice of effect is the paramount quality that raises the artistic effort into a work of Art.

—E. L. Major.

DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN ART

(BOSTON TRANSCRIPT)

Distinctive American Art

Russian painter declares our artists are self-conscious and bother too much about what the rest of the world is doing.

American artists lack the originality which is displayed by workers in the technical sciences, is the declaration of Leon Baskt, noted painter and decorator. He asserts that America has already evolved types of beauty that are distinctly her own. When the New York architects were confronted by peculiar problems, they did not worry about what Sir Christopher Wren would do, nor what the architects of Rome or Paris would do.

The result was an achievement of beauty in proportion to their courage. "The skyscraper, the magnificent office building and apartment hotel and the railroad terminal are the achievements of a distinctive American art that is as different from the art of Europe as the tomb of Tutankhamen is from the Cathedral of Chartres. And American architects achieved it because they dared to be themselves.

"Now there is every reason why this same evolution should be accomplished in American painting. First of all, America possesses that which is the most indispensable element in pictorial art, its very foundation—color. Do you realize that there is no country in the world where freshness, intensity, poetry of color overwhelms the eye the way it

does in America? But everybody speaks about the sparkling, chryselline air of America. But everybody speaks about it because it is so poignantly true.

"What I have seen of early American—I mean Indian—art convinces me that strong, glowing, uncompromising color is something of an autochthonous American product."

Mr. Baskt says that in studying Dutch landscapes one sees effects which are diametrically opposite to those found in this country, where the air is not soft and filmy but instead there is an atmospheric clarity which allows no concealment, and reds are more brilliant and greens of a greater intensity than anywhere else in the world. There is a uniform brilliancy of effect. Painting must perforce follow along the lines of strong light and color.

"There is a growing recognition of this among American artists," he says. "But they are too self-conscious. They think too much about Paris and London and Rome. They spend too much time abroad, and even when their bodies are in America their souls sometimes remain in Europe."

A type of human beauty is to be found in this country which, declares the artist, is as marvelous as the Greek ideal or the ideal of the Italian Renaissance. It is a type which is distinctive and new.

Continued on page 11



Just Imagine

Louise if she were not tall
 Mil if she couldn't talk at all.
 Lee without a penny
 Jinks if smiles she hadn't any.
 Ruth W. without a blush
 Chester in a rush.
 Buckley not a circus
 Eleanor H. with flesh superfluous.
 Bunny with eyes of green
 Ruth Batch lanky and lean.
 Red with an aquiline nose
 Bob Joyce in evening clothes.
 Max all shaven and shorn.
 Dick all tattered and torn.
 These are pictures as they ain't
 Visions no artist could ever paint.

Painting Instructor :— I want to tell you young woman that the secret of success is hard work.

Fair Student :— If its a secret, sir, you should not have told me, fortunately I am too much of a lady to take advantage of information gained in that way.

The U. S. can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and make it worth \$20.

That's money.

Longfellow could take a worthless piece of paper and write a poem on it and make \$65,000.

That's Genius.

There are artists who can take a fifty cent piece of canvas and paint a picture on it worth \$1,000.

That's Art.

There are some people who will tell you that their school paper

is better than the "Art Gum".

That's Nerve.

But when an honest to goodness concientious person tells you that the "Art Gum" is darned good.

That's the truth.

Continued from page 10

..DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN ART..

"In these things are the sources of an American pictorial art as great as any the world has seen—in the beauty of the American women, the scintillating, incadescent colors of the American atmosphere, the hardy tapped possibilities of the marvellous American landscape. By the way—do Americans realize that their cities are beautiful just inasmuch as they are American? The reproductions of flat, out-of-place pseudo-Greek and pseudo-Gothic one could meet in any continental city—the wooden shacks and brick abominations of factory towns might disgrace any industrial centre in Europe—but a sight like Riverside Drive or Park Avenue or Fifth Avenue is unique.

"My advice to American artists, if I may volunteer to give it, is: Don't study so intensely what we of the Old World are doing; don't go abroad so much; stay at home, strike roots in the soil, immerse yourselves in the color, light, youth of your wonderful country; study indigenous American art, indigenous American beauty, be yourselves, and you will not fail to produce a great American art."

—Boston Transcript.

BOARD OF HEALTH

Disease	Name	How Contracted	Cure
Dancing	Grace Bliss	Many College Dances	Rheumatism
Tiredness		Over-time	Dynamite
Draw-Ites	Adelaide Redmond	Antique Class	Vacation
Brain Fever	All Sex of Us	Perspective Theory	Graduation
Tardiness	Dot Hunt	Over-sleeping	Mechan'l Draw'ng
Heart Trouble	Red Henderson	Going with a Senior	?
Straight Hair	Most Girls	Natural	Marcel
Bashfulness	Freeman Chadbourne	Natural	Parties
Flirting	Julia Middleton	Acquired	Solitary Confine

The Calf-Path

Mr. Farnum recently spoke to us on "being ourselves." He urged us to strike out for ourselves; to make new paths; to be original. This is something that cannot be over-emphasized. A few days ago we found, in an old scrap-book, the following piece by Sam Walter Foss.

In what paper it was first printed, we do not know. It goes well with what Mr. Farnum said. Read it and think it over.

"One day thru the primeval wood a calf walked home, as good calves should; but made a trail all bent askew, a crooked trail, as all calves do. Since then three hundred years have fled, and I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail, and thereby hangs my moral tale. The trail was taken up next by a long dog that passed that way; and then a wise bell-wether sheep pursued the trail o'er vale and steep. And drew the flock behind him, too, as good bell-wethers always do. And from that day o'er hill and glade, thru those old woods a path was made. And many men wound in and out, and dodged and turned and bent about, and uttered words of righteous wrath because 'twas

such a crooked path — but still they followed — do not laugh — the first migration of that calf. And thru this winding woodway stalked because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane, and bent and turned, and turned again; this crooked lane became a road, where many a poor horse, with his load, toiled beneath the burning sun and traveled some three miles in one, and thus a century and a half they trod the footsteps of that calf. The years passed on in swift fleet, the road became a village street, and this before men were aware, a city's crowded thoroughfare. And soon the central street was this of a renowned metropolis; and men two centuries and a half trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout followed the zig-zag calf about and o'er his crooked journey went the traffic of a continent. A hundred thousand men were led by one calf near three centuries dead. They followed still his crooked way, and lost one hundred years a day, for this such reverence is lent a well-established precedent.

Continued on page 14

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Just off Washington Street

Continued from page 12

A moral lesson this might teach were I ordained and called to preach; for men are prone to go in blind along the calf-paths of the mind, and work away from sun to sun and do what other men have done. They follow in the beaten track and out and in, and forth and back, and still their devious course pursue to keep the path that others do. They keep a path a sacred groove, along which all their lives they move; but how the wise old wood-gods laugh who saw the first primeval calf; ah! many things this tale might teach—but I am not ordained to preach.”

* * *

The Chinese Operetta

Playing before a large audience, the Glee Club and Orchestra, on the 27th and 28th of April, presented “The China Shop.” In acting, singing and artistic effects, this play was pleasing to all.

Madelaine Sanderson, as Lotus Blossom, and Richard Bailey, as Sing Fong, had the leading parts. It would be impossible, however,

CHAPEAUX OF DISTINCTION



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Opening March 29, 1923



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Boston

to name the ones doing the finest work. Everyone put all he had into his part.

Viola Marsh, stage director, and Richard Ellinger, musical director, should be congratulated. In costuming the cast, Miss Flint did her usual extraordinary work. The Faculty and the Alumni readily assisted the students on finding them ready to help themselves.

Dancing followed the Operetta, Fred Robinson's Teddy Bears furnishing splendid music.

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